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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1899. NUMBER 1

A cavalryman, according to "Frank Leslie's Monthly," on being asked who was the greatest hero of the war at Santiago, said, with an insight born out of experience: "It is that little lady, Miss Barton. I seen her a-coming through two feet six inches of mud to tie up a chap as was bleeding to death. She, comrade, is, to my idea, the hero of this y'er campaign." The world is slow in coming to the vision of this rough campaigner.

Professor Graham Taylor, the leader of the settlement work known as The Commons in Chicago, and Professor of sociology in the Union Park Theological Seminary of Chicago, says that the sale in England of three million copies of the little tale, "In His Steps," is compelling church people there to answer the question, "What would Jesus do, not only by word, but in deed?" This and other signs lead him to believe that "the churches are at last coming to be stirred by the ethical tragedy that has agitated the labor world for more than a quarter of a century."

It is a suggestive sign of the times that the lectures of Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Florence Kelley, during the summer quarter of the University of Chicago, were among the most popular offered by that university. These two women, non-experts, in the academic sense, not members of "the faculty," have attracted and held mature men and women who leave their various duties in schoolroom, pulpit and elsewhere to avail themselves of these post-graduate privileges. Miss Addams spoke on "Legalized and Non-Legalized Ethics," and Mrs. Kelley on "Ethical Gain Through Legislation." Let these lectures be heard elsewhere and let it be known that it is academic work brought down to date.

The secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. S. A. Eliot, says the needs of the Unitarian denomination are "cohesion, conviction, construction and consecration." The alliteration is effective, but if one puts Christianity above Unitarianism then the cohesion may call for an attachment not Unitarian, a conviction that is not sectarian, the construction in the interest of a larger ideal than that of a denomination and a consecration to all the interests represented by the word "Christianity." But should one put humanity above Christianity and seek to serve the universal religion of which Christianity is but an imperfect and schismatic expression, then this alliteration will call for still further readjustments, a cohesion that will call for non-Christian contact, a construction that is interracial and a consecration to the ultimate synthesis of love that seeks to unite all peoples in the bonds of religious fellowship and all the citizens of any given community in a co-operation that will find expression in a cathedral church that will represent the higher interests of the entire community—a church for which all churches should work. The highest ideal for any Protestant denomination in America to-day is to make itself unnecessary; it calls for it to work for the time when its life will be merged into the larger life of a broader and finer co-operation.

The question of expansion by force of arms is becoming a conscience question, even in England, where so long it has seemed to have been chiefly an economic and political question. The "London Enquirer," speaking of the parliament that is about to be prorogued, says: "We are not yet free from the anxiety that this country may suffer the humiliation and South Africa the calamity of war in the Transvaal." It gives a portion of the text of a memorial which the citizens of Holland, after signing in large number, send to the people of Great Britain. It sets forth the fact that Holland is akin to England by common origin, similar history and traditions, and asks that "the people of the South African republic, an off-shoot of our common stem, a nation weak in numbers but strong in the virtues most highly prized by all Anglo Saxons, be allowed to follow the forces of natural growth, guided by the spirit of the age." The memorial hints that "to follow any other line of action must lead to violence and would be an outrage on justice, casting a blot on the fair name of British equity, deal a blow at British common-sense and make a mock of British generosity." Is our English contemporary to be voted by English patriots as treasonable for thus pleading with the government to heed the voice of justice and to be guided by the potency of right rather than the potency of might?

Our contemporary, the "Universalist Leader," thinks that the "unstinted flattery to which 'Teddy' Roosevelt is exposed since he entered military life has had an undue stimulating effect on his bump of self-approbation, which was naturally big." Our contemporary quotes the "London Daily Chronicle" as saying: "We have never before met such vanity in print from one so notoriously a brave soldier," and thinks that "this ice may keep down the inflammation from a head from which we have hoped much." However this may be with the fearless governor of New York, it is always the danger of the military hero, as it is of the military nation and the military spirit. The victories of the battlefield are too easily won oftentimes to form a safe basis of self-respect, and the defeats of the battlefield are oftentimes based on causes so far-reaching and remote that they leave the conquered with a chastened sense of self-respect. We would not detract from the fame already won by the leader of the Rough Riders, but his ultimate place in the estimation of his country is yet to be fixed. There are greater victories yet within reach of the young gov-

ernor of the great state of New York—victories over the ill advised and sometimes unworthy ambitions of his friends. This is a much more difficult task than the triumph over one's foes.

Miss Jane Addams had to cut across the corners by catching a Sunday night freight train from the Tower Hill grove meeting in order to get to Chicago on Monday morning to attend an important meeting of an arbitration committee of which she is a member. The committee seeks to settle the strike of the workers in mosaic. The strike is one of long standing, and although but comparatively few employes are involved it has given builders much trouble. Some new building work in connection with the Hull House is tied up by this same strike, but Miss Addams is willing that work here as elsewhere should wait upon equity and that the strikers, now that they are out, should have the hearing they ask and the consideration they deserve. A strike is a clumsy, bungling way to compel a hearing. It breaks in upon the interest of all parties concerned. The best that can be said in favor of a strike is that it is an inevitable step toward that better way which must be forthcoming. What is that better way? Perhaps it is forced arbitration by a committee of experts specially organized for each case in hand. An arbitration court of good men who are not acquainted with the details of the problem in hand will often go wrong, but an arbitration court made up of experts in the particular business in question, in which the contestants have an equal voice in the appointing, ought to come to conclusions which the law might well make imperative, for the time being at least.

Denominational Disarmament.

The glory of a Texas steer lies in its horns. Cattle are bred in Texas with the view of increasing the spread and symmetry of horns. On the border ranges of that plane country horns doubtless have an economic value and the herd of the stronger horn gets the better pasture and has the first drink at the meager water courses. But in the more highly cultivated country, where better economic conditions prevail, in the dairy country of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, the polled angus and other hornless breeds are much sought after. Indeed, here horns are such an obvious menace to the higher economies that the thrifty and humane farmer prefers for his herd the short agony of scientific de-horning to the feverish restlessness and life-long annoyance to the herd that is the inevitable result of horns. Once the horns are gone the peace of the herd becomes permanent and cattle which before regarded one another from the standpoint of armed neutrality, change the habits of their lives and stand in with one another to fight their common foes, flies, sun's heat and winter's storms; so fraternal do they become that the farmer calls his herd "a bunch."

The suggestion of a disarmament of the nations, which has just been receiving wide discussion from the Czar's rescript and the significant congress at The Hague, is but carrying the logic of the farm-yard into international politics. Standing armies are the horns of nations. They have been grown on the supposition that there was not enough to go round, that food and drink for one depended on the power of taking it from another, and the consequent inference that antagonisms of interests are inevitable and permanent; that the life of one nation was always at the mercy of the stronger nation. Standing armies have been created and now exist, not for the purpose of developing the life within, either of the individual or of the nation, but for the purpose of defending it from some outside foe.

Two obstacles lie in the way of the disarmament of nations, viz., the difficulty of persuading people that the interests of nations are identical; that if all play fair there is enough to go round, food and drink sufficient to meet the wants of the world without plunder or the plenty that comes from capture; that the welfare of humanity is not dependent upon preserving, at all hazards, inviolate certain imaginary lines drawn across the earth's surface for political purposes.

But this difficulty is to-day slight as compared with the other difficulty which arises from the existence of the army itself, the immense investments of capital and men, the coveted power that goes with military rank and naval glory. These so-called "vested interests" are so prodigious that the parties nearest thereto look at disarmament as a menace to their livelihood. From the lowest corporal in the ranks to the great gun makers and war-ship builders of the world, rises the grim question as to what will become of Othello when "Othello's vocation is gone?"

In the line of this evolution there arises still another call for disarmament, first among the various religious sects of Christendom and ultimately among the great religious systems of the world. This suggestion, perhaps, seems more wild and remote than that of the disarmament of nations, for have not the sects grown into power on the assumption that they held a certain monopoly of the good things, i. e., the true things of the Lord; and have they not acquired their strength by conquest? Their missionaries have been so many theological raiders, who have brought in their converts from other fields by the use of weapons more or less spiritual, but still weapons, and now when we find the widespread suspicion working in all the denominations that their boundray lines do not run parallel with things eternal, that there is not so much essential difference after all, that at least the various denominations rest on the same fundamentals, work for the same ends, trust the same Infinite Law and Order and seek to save the same humanity.

Now, here again comes up in various disguises, the last enemy of disarmament, the subtle, only half-recognized concern for "vested rights," If denominational lines are to be blurred and the sectarian raison d'être to be denied, what is to become of the great publishing houses, the denominational powers, the army of missionaries, editors and preachers, whose chief stock in trade has been not the universalities of religion and morals, but the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of "Methodist," "Baptist," "Universalist," "Unitarian," or "what not" religion and morals? Now, what is to become of the vast amount of capital vested in churches, schools and colleges which are largely to be vacated

of their special inspiration if there should come a pooling of interests, a synthesis of sympathies and no more churches or colleges were necessary than would accommodate the community for which they are built?

Space forbids further exemplifying this proposition by illustration, but every reader will readily supply the illustration. Villages where four or five denominations, all of them bound together, perhaps, by close ties of so-called orthodoxy, distract the public spirit and divide what little religious generosity or ethical enthusiasm there may be in the town, whereas if a disarmament could be brought about there would speedily follow what follows in the dairyman's herd, a "bunching" together of the life, a pooling of interests, a larger alliance. Or the case may be that of a state or county where there are Unitarian Conferences, Universalist Conferences, perhaps Jewish or other so-called "liberal combinations" committed in thought and by pretension to the same principles of free thought in religion, of civic and personal virtues, but still the "vested rights," the machinery, the paraphernalia created for war and by war must be taken care of.

Notwithstanding all these differences the suggestion is out. A new ideal is shaping. As the pride of nations in standing armies is gone or going, so the inspiration of the denominational army is gone or going. Denominational disarmament is inevitable and the process of dismantling is already going on more rapidily than the sectarian patriot can realize.

Vacation is nearly at an end. The churches and church workers are again gathering their forces. Denominational conferences and associations are busy in shaping their programs for autumn's work and winter energy. The Episcopalians are to hold their national congress in Minneapolis; the Unitarians their national conference in Washington; the Congregationalists are to hold their international conclave in Boston, and Methodists, Universalists and their associates are busy with county, state and national plans.

Why, in the face of all this activity, should UNITY and its friends work for one more—the Liberal Congress—to be held in Boston, October 9 to 13? Because it is a peace congress in the religious world. It is called in the interest of denominational disarmament, not disintegration, but synthesis, not less life but more life. On its platform Baptists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Jews and representatives of as many more denominations as will consent to come to discover the things they hold in common, to overcome the distrust of one another, and, most difficult of all, to devise means by which the present "vested rights," in the way of capital, publishing houses, churches, missionaries, may be transformed into creative forces rather than defensive; in other words, convert the weapons of war into instruments of peace.

The era of denominational disarmament is upon us. Let the sectarian heed the signs of the time and hasten to "beat his sword into a plowshare, his spear into a pruning hook."

Tower Hill Notes.

Tower Hill, August 25, 1899.

During the past two weeks we have read, through Mr. Jones' magic spectacles, nearly forty of the shorter poems of Robert Browning, including four evening interpretations of the most famous art poems, illustrated by excellent stereopticon slides.

I hardly know how to speak of this experience without o'erstepping the modesty of nature, as Hamlet says, and seeming to outsiders to degrade to the level of friendly flattery a service which has opened to me a new world of wonder, love and awe.

Some years since a friend further advanced into Browning penetralia than I left on my book shelf as complete an edition of the poet's works as then existed, and there they have been left, looking at me defiantly, like a chestnut burr I dared not try to open, or a casket of gems whose value is undoubted, but whose secret is guarded by a combination lock to which I have no key. I knew some of the shorter poems, of course, had really enjoyed the dramas, formally or called, and had such a kindergarten acquaintance with Rabbi Ben Ezra and Saul as can be gained from popular readings and books of extracts, but to enjoy them seemed to me the dream of an enthusiast or the boast of a sciolist. In fact, the very name of Red Cotton Night-cap country bored me, and Saul at one sitting sent me to sleep, while with regard to Paracelsus and Sordello I felt like thanking God (unlike the Arab men), that I was a woman and therefore could not be expected to penetrate such sacred arcana of the incomprehensible.

But now all that is changed; either my eyes have been anointed with moly, or looking through Mr. Jones', "I who was blind now see." Vast halls and surrounding corridors stretch out where all was mist and darkness, while cozy nooks and dewy dells smile out in dusky corners, which used to seem full of dust and cobwebs; and, above all, I have found myself in such goodly company that their lordly courtesy often persuaded me that I belonged among them—the very acme of joy to be obtained from books.

In speculating on my long insensibility to Browning's poetry as a whole, I have come to the conclusion that one obstacle to its acceptance by a larger constituency has been the utter absence of classification in all the earlier editions. The amount of letter press involved is so great, and the scope of subject so unusual for any one poet, that without help, from arrangement, it was very difficult to follow the subtle workings of this master mind, till a labor of elucidation should have been performed, such as has made Shakespeare a household word among us. One is fairly lost amid the rush and multiplicity of his thoughts till one despairs, as if one should find himself in the wilderness of the British Museum without a catalogue. But, culled and arrayed in deft harmonies or striking contrasts, lo, as by the wand of the Fairy Order, each strand of woven light and darkness, each searching line of love and hate, nay, each masterful interpretation of God's ways with men, assumes its place as by natural selection, and one feels that from Caliban to David, "all's love, yet all's law."

Our progress was from the love poems to the kindly and sympathetic Talmudie interpretations. Rabbi Ben Ezra to Holy Cross Day—then by the flowery paths of lyrics and romances to the most noble and inspiring of all, to my thinking—the poems dealing with Death as an Interpreter—the crown and coping stone of all Browning's service to us, giving us strength to live by his Pisgah sights of the Beyond—so calm, so noble, so truthful, so brave, that the weakest child of God may fresh courage take in the very face, and almost because of, failure.

And so, hand in hand with our dear leader, we have accompanied for two rich weeks Browning's grand march of saints and sinners, heroes, faithful women and fainting toilers, greatly and continually imperfect, nobly faulty, but always human and with always a glimpse of triumph beyond the defeat—and then, that

the world panorama might be complete, we have been granted a sight of some of the world's living workers and listened to the stories of others made clear by loving and sympathetic narrative. Dear "Father" Loomis of anti-slavery association, Father O'Reilly, the good priest who does his master's service in the cause of temperance; Robert Joiner, with his delicious stories of frontier life, and last, but always as a climax, we had Jane Addams for one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when she journeyed all the way from Chicago to give us her life of Tolstoi and his trumpet call to greater simplicity and nobleness of life, an appeal emphasized by the daily devotion to the Christ ideal of this century, by one of its most earnest disciples.

Truly, our lines have fallen in pleasant places, and we Tower Hill denizens of 1899 have enjoyed a goodly heritage. Esto perpetua!

And here, when I had done my inadequate best to give UNITY an echo of the Browning music still sounding in my brain, and feeling a little stunned by the thunder of great guns, which abounds in his orchestra, comes a gentle request to summarize the work of the Tower Hill Summer School.

Think of it! Eighteen afternoon lessons on the bird-lore, botany, geology, mineralogy and chemistry of Wisconsin, by Prof. Perisho, Miss Snively and by two of the well-informed and interesting nephews of whom with nieces galore, Mr. Jones seems to keep on tap an inexhaustible supply; twelve Sunday meetings, including six vesper readings and services, and, first, last, best of all, thirty mornings of the prophecy, poetry and philosophy of our race from Hebrew David to English Browning (with wide skips, of course), and then think of putting it into the rest of this column! Well, let me see, upward of seventy sessions, including the three delightful lectures, and one magnificent sermon from Mr. Simmons; altogether, twelve speakers from outside the hill. An audience drawn from three counties and from a diameter of fifty miles, touching perhaps three or four hundred homes and at least one thousand persons. This is the schedule, but this is not the school, any more than a skeleton expresses the living man, with his flesh, blood and bones—and, above all, with the soul by which the Lord of life has animated and glorified his existence.

As in the Talmudic legend, where the soldier, the scholar, the poet and the philosopher each spared somewhat of himself to enrich the life of him they loved, so imagine us drinking from a cup into which, if we consider Sundays only, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Henry Simmons of Minneapolis, Hecht and Duncan of Milwaukee, Simonds of Madison and Jane Addams of Chicago had each poured some essence of thought and life; accompany the draught with a vision of misty hills, whispering winds, waving trees and chaffering bluejays, and you will acknowledge that to decant this wine of life into a corner of UNITY would be either to boil it down to the horrors of beef essence or to elongate this column till it should resemble the grave of Noah, which is said to have been a hundred and eleven feet long.

C. S. KIRKLAND.

August.

Imperial days are these! Rome in the pride
Of pomp and power passed away and died,
Leaving her heirship solely unto thee,
The month Augustus' self ordained to be;
Throughout the years this heritage doth bide
Within long hours which furiously glide;
Vicissitude and change hast thou defied
That all the conquered world might live to see
Imperial days!

—*Wallace Rice.*

Good Poetry.

Yussouf.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, 'The good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Praise the generous gods for giving
In a world of wrath and strife,
With a little time for living
Unto all the joy of life.

At whatever source we drink it,
Art or love or faith or wine,
In whatever terms we think it,
It is common and divine.

Praise the high gods, for in giving
This to man, and this alone,
They have made his chance of living
Shine the equal of their own.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

German Epitaphs.

Continental graveyards are full of quaint and humorous epitaphs, as a citizen of Reggensburg, Stahl by name, can testify. Partly in his own travels, partly by the co-operation of tourists, he has collected a scrap-book full of funeral quips. Here are a few:

On a tablet fixed to a mill in Taufererthal:

"In Christian remembrance of ——, who without human help lost his life here."

In Stubaithal:

"The way to all eternity
Is not so far, as you may see.
He drove away at seven;
At eight he was in heaven."

In Oberinnthal:

"Here Jacob Hosenknopf fell
From the house-roof into eternity."

On a gravestone in Herren Island:

"Here rests in God J. K——.
Twenty-six years he lived as a human being,
And thirty-seven years as a husband."

Over the grave of a woman at the Brenner Pass:

"Tears cannot recall her;
Therefore I weep."

—*Chicago Record.*

The Pulpit.

The English Bible.

The Story of the Bible Told from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER, ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

VIII.

THE NEW TESTAMENT; ITS GROWTH AND COMPLETION.

In coming to speak of the growth and completion of the Bible as we have it to-day, I am sorry that what I shall have to say must be largely a dry statement of facts and dates. There will be little time for me to talk about the contents of this last portion of our great Sacred Literature, or as to what is really contained within the Bible. If, however, you are going to read the Bible understandingly, you can only do it by knowing something of its history. And I am trying to lay such a foundation of history in your minds, so that when you come to this literature yourselves, or read it once more, you may be able to enter more appreciatively into its spirit.

This portion of the Bible goes under the name of the New Testament. The word "Testament" would perhaps better have been "Covenant." The distinction between the names of the Old and New Testaments grew up after the Scriptures had been completed, through the conception of Christianity as involving a kind of new covenant between the Deity and the human race—a covenant which had done away with the old one which had really been with the Deity and the Hebrew race. A suggestion for this would scarcely be found in the memoirs telling us of the life or teachings of Jesus, but grew rather, out of the writings or teachings which we find in the "Epistles."

As you know, the tendency among the scholars with regard to the historical trustworthiness of many portions of the New Testament and the traditions to be found there, has been somewhat reactionary. The older school, starting mainly in Germany, somewhere about the middle of our century, was rather iconoclastic.

A tendency was inaugurated at that time to look upon the books of the New Testament as being much later in time than tradition had supposed, belonging perhaps, most of them, to the second Century. On this score, as I have said, within the last few years the attitude has been reactionary, not so much with regard to the authorship of the books in the New Testament, but as to the time when these books were written. There is a growing opinion among the best scholars that quite a portion of the New Testament belongs strictly within the first century of the Christian era, and that tradition was not so far out in placing the New Testament at the time before the first century had come to an end.

The attitude naturally emphasizes the importance of the personal influence of Jesus himself and makes a great deal more of what he accomplished on earth; whereas the former attitude in the middle of the century, attributed far more to the followers of Jesus who came in the next one or two generations after him.

This last portion of the Bible, which we call the New Testament, as you are aware, is made up first of four memoirs of Jesus, called the "Gospels," of which I spoke in my last lecture. Then you have one book describing the acts of the Apostles of Jesus for a few years after his death, but confining the attention for the most part to the work of only two or three of the disciples or apostles, chiefly the new apostle Saint Paul. Following this you have a series of books, about twenty-one in number, called "Epistles." These consist of documents in the form of letters of counsel, advice or suggestions, by different individuals, written usually to special churches. They are therefore quite unlike the old Prophets. The spirit of the prophets is to be found in the memoirs, or "Gospels" rather than in the Epistles.

These letters as a rule were written directly to special churches, and the authors were addressing themselves to particular questions which may have been submitted to them, or to special conditions of some particular church. It is very important therefore in studying these Epistles not to attribute too universal a character to them. A good deal which they contain is only to be fully understood by knowing what brought out the statements of the writers. But it is in these Epistles that you find the development of the doctrinal side of Christianity. It is here that you come upon the theories of the Atonement; and it is in these Epistles where you strike the great emphasis which was coming to be laid upon the *death* of Jesus, as if that death had a peculiar, mystical significance.

This point is most important in understanding the early growth of the church. In the first century there was evidently much less attention paid to the life of Jesus than to the significance of his death and the resurrection.

At the end of the New Testament, we come upon another document wholly unlike either the Epistles or the Gospels. It used to go under the name of the "Apocalypse," but nowadays it bears the name of "The Book of Revelations." It is very much of the same character as those Apocalypses which had grown up during the last two hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. It suggests the book of "Daniel" or the "Blessings of Enoch," and unquestionably has reference to the expectation of the downfall of the Roman Empire and the coming of the New Kingdom of Heaven with the return of Jesus. It is in this book where you have the beautiful sentiments of the picture of the final rest to come to the righteous, of "A pure river of water of life, clear as a crystal," and of a place where it is said "There shall be no night there; they need no candle, neither light of the sun." It is in these chapters where we hear of the "Holy City, New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven." And we read of the time when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

As to this last Book of Revelations, a pretty strong opinion has developed to the effect that it is not, or was not, an original work, by a follower of the new Prophet; but that quite large portions of it come directly from Jewish sources, from those Apocalypses which had become so popular in the Jewish church during that epoch I have spoken of; and that what the author did, was to work it over, remodel it, make a number of additions, and give it a strictly Christian form. But whatever may have been its origin, it became later on a very vital part of the new Christianity. Yet, for several hundred years this book hung in doubt and there was more scruple as to the justification for making it a part of the Sacred Scriptures of Christianity than in regard to any of the other books of the New Testament. Indeed, it came very near not getting into the Bible at all.

It is a striking fact that none of this literature is written in the language of Jesus—the Aramaic. Nor is it in the language of the Prophets, the Hebrew. It is in "Greek" that it has come down to us; so that it is all "second hand" by its very language.

As to the New Testament, there are a number of facts which must be kept carefully before the atten-

tion in order to appreciate the significance of this portion of the Bible. In the first place there is a strong opinion among the best scholars that we have not a single writing in the New Testament coming from any one who had ever seen or lived with Jesus. We think of the New Testament in a way, as the foundation of Christianity, as the Bible of the Early Church. You might fancy yourself going back to the early times and entering an assembly of the followers of Jesus on a Sunday, possibly in the City of Rome about 75 years after Jesus' death, and you would probably expect to see there a scroll of writings brought forward with reverence, as being the Sacred Scriptures of the new church and consisting of the New Testament. But you would have seen nothing of the kind. Not until about the year 200 A. D. do we come upon a feeling among the disciples of Jesus that they had a New Scripture, sacred and inspired in the sense in which what we now call the Old Testament was looked upon as sacred or inspired. In round numbers, therefore, we must fix upon the year 200 as about the time when the new church began to recognize that it had its own class of Sacred Scriptures apart from the writings of the Old Testament.

Furthermore, I must remind you that we have no evidence that there was anything like a real memoir of Jesus, such as we have in any of the four Gospels, existing for an entire generation after the death of Jesus. A generation, in round numbers, thirty-three years, is, however, a pretty long time. The oldest books of the New Testament, therefore, in all probability are not the Gospels, but a number of these Epistles. Tradition has ascribed thirteen or fourteen of these Epistles to the great apostle Paul, who, probably with the possible exception of Peter, had more influence than any other one man in the first generation after the death of Jesus in spreading Christianity. But this tradition with regard to the authorship of these epistles has gone to pieces. So much so, indeed, that in my "Teacher's Bible," which is, of course, conservative to the highest degree, we see that one of these espistles, that to the "Hebrews," although in the text itself bearing the heading, "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews," in the notes in the end stand separate and not under the list of the Epistles written by the Apostle Paul. When the great problems arose in connection with the Higher Criticism in the middle of the century, four of these epistles were left as unquestionably having been written by Paul himself; and these four probably constitute the oldest portion of the New Testament, written somewhere about the middle of the first century. The four I have in mind are the two to the Church at Corinth, called First and Second Corinthians; and one to the Church at Rome and another to the Church at Galatia—these two bearing the name, "To the Romans" and "To the Galatians." In these Epistles you see the birth of doctrinal Christianity.

To be sure, within the last ten or fifteen years, scholars of high standing in Holland and Switzerland have even begun to doubt the authorship of these four epistles, and until their standpoint has been further threshed out we cannot be sure with regard to them. But the probability is pretty strong in favor of these four writings, as I have said, being the oldest portion of the New Testament. Recently, however, a great German scholar by the name of Zahn has made another stir by asserting that the oldest portion of the New Testament was the "Epistle of James." If this were true it would give us a radically different impression of primitive Christianity from that usually received.

Another point to which I want to call your attention is that it looks pretty certain that the authors of these Epistles and of the last of the books in the New Testament, had not read the Gospels or Memoirs of Jesus, which we find there in the New Testament. How do we know that? you ask. Well, I give you one pretty good piece of evidence. If you turn to these memoirs, you will find over and over again how Jesus was accustomed to speak of himself as the "Son of Man." It reads like a classical phrase and must have been used over and over again by Jesus with regard to himself. How, then, do you account for the fact that in not one single instance do you find this phrase with regard to Jesus anywhere in all the rest of the New Testament? Had the writers of the Epistles been familiar with these Memoirs, surely they could not have ignored so striking a form of speech as we have in that phrase coming from the lips of Jesus. The fact of it is, in the first years after the crucifixion interest centered more and more on the one fact of the Messiahship of Jesus, rather than on his life and general teachings. Hence before the next generation had gone by, the one great thought of the people was on the mystical significance of his death and resurrection.

Does it not seem passing strange that those who had known Jesus should not have set to work to write up his life, and record all that they knew about him, for future generations? The question leads me to another statement as a practical certainty, and it is to the effect that not one of the writers of the books of the New Testament could have had any notion that he was drafting something which was to become a part of a future "Bible." Not one of them was writing with the idea of preparing something to be handed down to future ages. In every instance we can be practically sure that what was written was written for a purpose. If a new Gospel or a new Memoir was prepared, it was drawn up with the idea of correcting certain misapprehensions with regard to Jesus, which the author felt were prevalent among certain classes of people. In each instance these books must therefore have been put forth with an eye to the certain conditions of the time.

We come back to the other question, the reason for this? Why it was that no Memoirs of any consequence arose for a generation after the death of Jesus; and why it was that not a single writer thought of preparing something to hand down to future ages as a part of a new Sacred Scripture? The answer is pretty clear.

If you had been much interested in Bible problems a year or two ago, and had been in the cities in the East, like New York or Philadelphia, or Boston, and had been standing in book stores where theological literature was placed out for sale, and it had been a Monday forenoon, the chances are you would have seen knots of clergymen standing together and talking in a rather agitated voice over something which had recently happened. About two years ago there was a mild form of earthquake in the folds of orthodoxy in this country. A writer of high rank as a scholar in an orthodox seminary, had given a plain intimation in one of the chapters of a recent book by him, that Jesus himself had been misled with regard to one of his own expectations; that Jesus himself had looked upon the end of the world as pretty near, and pointed to his own second coming as not far away, perhaps within the lives of those around him. Whether this statement is true or not, I am not concerned to decide. It is not of much consequence. After the mild earthquake had subsided, even the orthodox found it was not necessarily inconsistent with their views about Jesus from their standpoint.

But be this as it may, the main point is that beyond any question throughout the Christian churches of the first century there was a very strong conviction that the New Jerusalem was soon to come, and with it was to come the reappearance of Jesus and the Judgment Day. With them it was only a matter of years. Not for a moment could they consider that it could be a

matter of centuries. Opinions differed as to whether there was to be a destruction of the earth at once, and a passing of the righteous over to a Judgment Day and a Heaven, or whether Jesus was first to come back to the *earth* and set up a new kingdom; a new kingdom of Love—a kingdom of Justice and Righteousness in this world.

One or the other of these beliefs was very strong everywhere. And this fact of itself explains why the interest of the early followers of Jesus centered so much on two or three facts, such as his Messiahship, his death and the expectation of his second coming. If that Judgment Day was soon coming and Jesus was ere long to reappear, what use for memoirs telling of his life? What use for more Sacred Scripture? What use for preparing anything to be handed down to future ages? The main desire was to meet and talk with the teachers of the new church, and get advice or suggestions from these teachers. Letters of counsel or admonition would be necessary, no matter how soon the end of the world was coming. And hence it was that these "Epistles" naturally became the first material of a New Testament.

There are most beautiful passages in these Epistles. I could give you the choicest collection of ethical precepts which mortal man could ask for, made up from those "letters" which we find in the middle portion of the New Testament. Yet half or perhaps three-fourths of what you would find there is doctrinal material or advice or suggestions with regard to special issues raised in the particular church to which the letter is addressed.

Then, you ask, if we are pretty well assured that most of these books in the New Testament were not written by the men to whom tradition ascribes them, who were the authors? Where did the books come from, and just when were they written? I must own that these are very hard questions to answer. If there is anything in the world that would make a man's head swim, it is to delve into the recent literature discussing the authorship and dates and books of the New Testament. You could make a good sized public library out of this literature alone. If you could see how they have ransacked every scrap of manuscript of the first centuries, which may have come down to us, studied every phrase to be found there, analyzed every word and phrase in the New Testament, compared one phrase in one part with one phrase in another part, searched through all the church fathers for possible allusions or quotations from Scripture; and then if you could read something of the arguments pro and con with regard to the outcome, it would suggest to you the description of the battle of the angels in mid-air, such as you have in Milton's "Paradise Lost."

As to negative phases of authorship, I can give you one or two samples.

Take the Gospel "according to St. John." This Gospel has caused more discussion than all the others put together, because it presents a strikingly different picture of Jesus from what you get out of the other three Gospels. It was supposed to have been written by the disciple whom Jesus loved more than all the others, and one who was with him during his last days and who stood by the cross to the last moment. But when you turn to the account of the last days of Jesus in this Gospel, how are you going to account for the fact that it has nothing to say with regard to the wonderful scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, containing those sublime words of Jesus "Not my will, but Thine be done." Even the shortest memoir of them all, which is only about half as long as any of the others, the one called "Mark," has an account of this "Gethsemane" experience. It is contained in one form or another in all of the other memoirs. And this would give overwhelming reasons for assuming that some very serious experiences took place on that last night before Jesus was seized by the authorities. Yet this fourth memoir does not even mention such an experience, beyond saying that "Jesus entered a garden where he tarried for a time until the authorities came out to seize him." According to the other memoirs, the Apostle John himself was present in the garden with Jesus. Yet not a word have we in the gospel attributed to him with regard to what took place there.

However, this is a side issue. The opinion among the scholars is very strong, indeed, as I have said, that we have nothing in the New Testament directly in writing from any one who had lived or known Jesus personally.

The fact of it is, as we have pointed out, the New Testament was a growth, just like the Old Testament. It developed little by little according to the accident of circumstances. The Hebrew literature covers a period of six or seven hundred years, as we have said; whereas practically all that we have in the New Testament was probably written within one hundred years after the death of Jesus. There may be, and probably are, passages inserted here and there, because as I explained to you in the last lecture, we have the evidence of passages having been inserted into these books hundreds of years after the death of Jesus, and which have been omitted in our English revised version of the Bible. It would be nothing strange if in doing the copying work of those days, a scribe had added in a word or a line of explanation now and then. Yet, it would be absurd to assume, as many a radical might have done, that the whole of the New Testament is made up of just such additions or interpolations. If a phrase occurs very rarely, you may perhaps fancy that it went in as an addition. For instance, only once in all the four memoirs of Jesus do you find the formula, "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." It would look as if that phrase or formula grew up after the death of Jesus; and if so, it would be quite natural that later on it should come to be inserted in the memoirs. The point I am showing you is, that the doctrinal side of Christianity comes rather from the Epistles.

How much emphasis did Jesus himself lay on this doctrinal side? As to that, we shall never be able to answer. While the disciples or teachers of early Christianity may have fully believed that every single thought they uttered could be traced to the standpoint of Jesus, yet they naturally threw their emphasis on that side in which they were the more interested; and hence it is quite possible that the phase of religion which Jesus talked the least about, may have come to assume the most important role of all, within a hundred years after his death. The germs of it may have been in the life or teachings of Jesus, but no one could have foretold just in what direction his teachings would have assumed the greatest importance.

If you come down to the actual facts of the case, I think there can be no doubt that the memoirs about Jesus in the New Testament have had far less influence in developing Christianity, than the Epistles of the New Testament. While in these memoirs you can see that the ethical phase is decidedly in the foreground; when you come to trace up the history of Christianity, you feel that this ethical phase has been sadly in the background. The number who believe in the mystical significance of the death of Jesus, could perhaps be counted by the hundreds of millions of the people of to-day. But the number who undertake to live out fully and completely the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, could be counted in the hundreds with the millions left off. And if Christianity survives as a world religion, it will be owing to these hundreds, rather than the hundreds of millions.

In speaking of the growth of the New Testament, we must not overlook the fact that while the develop-

ment of Judaism went on for the greater part within Palestine itself, the teachings of Jesus during the first century were coming in contact with the world at large. The New Testament was taking its shape, not in Palestine, but throughout the Roman Empire. The teachers of the new religion were coming in contact with the ideas and teachings of other religions and foreign systems of philosophy. This fact had a great deal to do in giving the new teaching a more universal character than the older system of Judiasm had ever had.

Humanly speaking, Christianity, as a system of thought, was a fusion of the religion of Judaism, with the religion of Zoroaster from the East and Greek philosophy from the West. The partial fusion with the religion of Persia had taken place before the Christion era, with the introduction of beliefs in immortality, a judgment day, a heaven and a hell, and an angelology. All this seems to have been adopted by Jesus himself. But the fusion with Greek philosophy, of course, came later on after the death of Jesus, during the first hundred years while the New Testament was taking shape. The memoir which bears the name of the "Gospel according to John" shows very manifest evidence of the spirit of Greek philosophy as it prevailed in the first century of the Christian era. St. Paul's conception of "communing" with the Divine, or being united with the Divine, is singularly Platonic.

This does not necessarily reflect on the originality of Jesus; nor on the other hand need it overthrow your conceptions of the Divine aspect in that life, if you wish to believe in that aspect. Greek philosophy itself may have been necessary as a means for developing in more complete form what had only been germinal in the teachings of Jesus. You can say, if you choose, that this was the method of Providence itself in working out more elaborately into a system, the movement which Jesus inaugurated. Whatever fusion may have taken place, it must also be made clear that the outcome was emphatically a new religion, or a new religious spirit, such as had not existed before. But in the new religious spirit we can see that the inspired men of other races were to contribute their share.

Now to go back to the growth of the New Testament: While it is true that a number of the Epistles were written before the memoirs; on the other hand, we have the best of reasons for thinking that the memoirs in our New Testament first got recognition as having a peculiar sanctity attached to them. They were the first Sacred Literature to be brought together for the new church. For a long time the epistles were held as special documents by the churches to whom they were addressed, as their property, rather than as something which was ever to belong to a Bible.

But at about the end of the first quarter of the second century, we find evidences to the effect that these four memoirs were used together, by churches in various parts of the Roman Empire, as taking rank over any other of the newer religious literature. Here, therefore, we have the starting point or nucleus for a New Testament.

Gradually, however, the various Epistles of the New Testament began to be brought together one after another, and to assume more and more importance, so that toward the close of the second century, in round numbers about 200 A. D., there was a pretty general consensus of opinion setting apart certain Epistles and certain Gospels as a new Sacred Literature, and including the larger portion of what we now call the New Testament. At the same time, there seems even for centuries after that date, to have been a good deal of difference of opinion as to the exact list of books which should constitute the canon of the New Testament. Some other books came very near getting into the Bible, and a few others in the New Testament came very near dropping out of it or not being received into it. No council of the whole church ever settled it.

I remind you again of the celebrated Sinaitic manuscript found in a monastery near Mount Sinai, which dates about 400 A. D. When the great German scholar discovered this, in fear lest he might never see the manuscript again, he took it to his cell and set to work to copy out one special book he found there. And why? Because it was a book of which there had been a great deal of talk in the early centuries, but of which no copy had survived. It bore the name of the Epistle of Barnabas.

In this Sinaitic manuscript, were two books or portions of books, which have not been included in the recognized New Testament. Then, too, as I told you, the "Book of Revelations" caused a great deal of dispute; and for a long while there was decided inclination among the church fathers to exclude it from the canon.

You may ask what should have been the cause of dispute as to the books which really made up the New Testament. Why should they not have taken these memoirs or these Epistles as a part of the New Testament? But I must remind you that our New Testament constitutes only a small portion of a large literature in circulation during the first centuries of the Christian era, and all of which purported to be of the same sacred character; most of it purporting to emanate from the apostles or early fathers of the church in the first century. It may surprise you to know that we find reference among the fathers of the church in the first centuries, to at least a full score of gospels or memoirs of Jesus, each bearing its own name and claiming on its face a high authority. They had a Gospel "According to Saint Peter," another Gospel "According to Andrew," a Gospel "According to Bartholomew." As there were twelve apostles, it would seem as if tradition had ascribed a special memoir or Gospel to each one of them. There is even reference to a Gospel "According to Judas." Then there were no end of books giving an account of the "Acts" of the Apostles, descriptive therefore of the first generation of work after the death of Jesus. Besides this, of course, there were a number of "Apocalypses," or Books of Revelation.

A small portion of this vast literature has come down to us and I have here in my hand a volume of translations of that so-called "Apocryphal" New Testament. Some of it makes beautiful reading; other portions are trivial in the extreme. One or two fragments of that Apocryphal literature have been absorbed in the Book of Common Prayer of the English church; as for instance, the well-known Apostles' Creed. Tradition has it, that as there are twelve statements in that Creed, each apostle contributed a single statement to it. Two of these Apocryphal books ranked highly in the opinion of the early church fathers and came very nearly becoming a part of the New Testament,—the one entitled the Epistle of Barnabas and the other The Shepherd of Hermas. It is from some of that literature, by the way, that the Old Masters took their conceptions for their famous paintings of the life of Jesus. Naturally these Apocalypses have a good deal to tell us about those portions of the life of Jesus of which the memoirs in our New Testament have little to say; especially concerning the boyhood and youth of Jesus. We learn a great deal about Joseph and Mary, the father and mother of Jesus; and of the wonderful things Jesus did as a boy.

A good deal of this Apocryphal literature so-called, arose in the second century; and you may ask what led to it, or why it was not adopted as a part of the New Testament. If the books bore the names of the apostles, why were they not accepted? If they were rejected as spurious, how shall we account for the fact

that on sacred themes men could write down what they did not know to be true?

It is an established fact, however, that regard for historic truth has not been a conspicuous feature of writers on matters pertaining to religion. I do not mean to say that men deliberately went against their consciences and boldly made up what they knew to be lies. But in those days, for one to tell a beautiful story about a man whose name and life one highly revered, even if one knew that story were not true, was not necessarily regarded as an evil. To compose something in the honor of a being one loved, was to do something to show one's spirit of loyalty. If it was the belief of the Christians who wrote those books, that these were the things that Jesus might have done, why then not show one's love and one's loyalty by drawing up such fanciful conceptions of the Great Master? Such inventive methods rather startle us perhaps. But it was not meant necessarily in an unworthy spirit or put forward with an unworthy motive.

But you may ask, how did such books come to be attributed to the apostles as authors? As to that, we can explain that many of such writings were put forth anonymously. Then some copiest, seeing a resemblance there to what tradition had ascribed to certain of the apostles, attaches the apostle's name to it as the probable author. And so the name becomes fixed there. On the other hand, a writer might feel that he was doing honor to one of the apostles by attributing his Gospel to such authority; that it was showing a high regard for the apostle himself in attaching such a name to it.

The literature of the middle ages, for instance, is full to overflowing of the stories of the saints, some of which are true and some of which are all fancy. This was not done in the spirit of deliberate falsification. The motive was often high and pure. I only speak of this because accuracy in reporting facts or traditions on religious matters has seldom been regarded as of the greatest importance. But be that as it may, we know that a great deal of such literature did arise in the second century and some of it was existing in the first century. In fact, within the very memoirs which we have in the New Testament, we have the assertion that quite a literature was in circulation at that time concerning the life or teaching of Jesus. The author of the third memoir called the Gospel "According to St. Luke," begins by saying that inasmuch as many had taken it in hand to draw up a narrative concerning the subject in which they were all interested, it seemed good to him also to write out an account of what he knew, or had heard on the same subject.

Just what led to the final adoption of these special four memoirs and the particular Epistles as they stand in our New Testament, we shall never know. It was not done by any conference, nor was the list established by any council. That much we are positive of. Custom was what decided it. The churches gradually settled down to this choice, out of the great amount of literature then in circulation.

As to those four memoirs in the New Testament, I have said to you already that you can see that they, too, have evidences of growth. When they were first written, it is not at all likely that the authors fancied that they were writing for the distant future. They jotted down what they had heard from time to time. Then the manuscripts went out of their hands and were read by others, by whom in all probability additions were made from time to time, or other portions with other stories incorporated. You can see at times where two or three accounts are run together into one. Or on the other hand, you observe where one anecdote concerning Jesus had developed into two forms and therefore become two different stories. For instance, in the account of "Feeding the multitude," different reports made the numbers vary, who were fed by Jesus; and so probably grew up two different stories according to the difference in numbers.

All three of the writers undoubtedly had other documents at command, one which was probably the well-known "Sayings of Matthew," and which they incorporated into their accounts, but not always in the same way. The fourth memoir, however, bears the evidence of having been written pretty much by one author, and shows decided influences from the Greek philosophy current at that day.

This growth of the memoirs did not go on indefinitely, however, as I have said. The notion of the Gospels as all being made up of little pieces put together at various times, will no longer hold. These memoirs to a large degree as they now stand, were written before the end of the first hundred years after the death of Jesus. They were collections of traditions in circulation in different parts of the world, which the authors brought together as best they could.

I am aware that such an historic method of treating the New Testament may at first thought seem like doing away with its documents—as if no history were there at all—or as if there had never been any Jesus. And such rash statements have actually been made. But that would be absurd. You might as well say that there had been no George Washington, because within the last twenty-five years the critics have been studying his life pretty carefully and find that in the stories regarding him there was a growth, and that it was necessary to examine the development of the tradition concerning him quite thoroughly. Our discovery that the "Hatchet and Cherry Tree" story is all a myth, has not altered the reality or tremendous personality of Washington; nor changed the fact that we owe this nation of ours to him more than to any other man, and that he was truly "The Father of his Country."

The world-movement which we call Christianity, had its start in a tremendous personality; call that personality Divine if you will, or human if you will. I leave you to take your choice. And in this New Testament literature, as I said before, I can feel a unity which I cannot necessarily put into language. Only the weakest kind of minds are the ones whose beliefs or conceptions go all to pieces from analysis or dissection; because they ask or demand that they be allowed to keep all or nothing. The method I am pursuing as an historic study of the Scriptures has been with the idea which I announced to you at the outset, of giving you back your Bible .

The confusion of thought one meets there, the lack of unity or coherence in the various parts of these Scriptures, has tended for a time to weaken or half-destroy their influence on many thoughtful persons. It has been in order to save these Scriptures for you that I have wanted to present them to you in this other light. When you see them as a growth, covering a period of one thousand years, then your whole attitude toward them changes; and you observe that the thoughts about God, or Justice, or Love; about man and the heart of man, could not be the same at the end of that thousand years as they were at the start. Instead of having a vast number of minor truths or minor facts which do not hang together, you have one growing truth as the core or kernel of the whole literature.

In turning over the pages of this New Testament as the closing portions of the Bible, you feel that the emphasis of the teaching of the New Prophet lay in one supreme direction. It was to call the attention of the human race to the value of the spiritual side of life and to make man feel that the spiritual life as such was the one life worth having and worth living. It is this which has made the gospel of Jesus essentially the

gospel of the poor, because the import of its teaching is to point to the value of the inside things. When you say in your despair, if you are hungry or houseless, or homeless, if you have lost all you ever had, are penniless and without work—when you say, "I have nothing, absolutely nothing, it is all gone," then this teaching of Jesus, the New Prophet, gives you reply. The answer comes: "Stand up; you have got your soul and it is worth more than all the possessions you have lost or all that wealth you dreamed of and never got." In this teaching of a soul, we seem to find the kernel of the thought of the New Prophet of Palestine. That word "Soul" alone as an outgrowth of Christianity has been one of the greatest gifts ever offered to the human race. *What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul*, was the teaching of Jesus.

And with that doctrine of the soul in man, went the beautiful, sublime humanitarianism of the New Prophet. I call to your mind that picture of a Judgment Day in these memoirs of the New Testament. It is not the fact of a Judgment Day that I am thinking, but of the kind of a Judgment Day which is pictured to us there. It is the King speaking to those on His right hand, and he is saying:

"Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer Him saying: Lord when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee; or athirst and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in; or naked and clothed Thee? And when saw we Thee sick or in prison and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Is there not enough in that teaching to save you from any concern over the disputes as to what is history and what is not history in the Bible? Is this not the humanitarianism we believe in to-day?

And was it new? No. After all, it was the old prophetic spirit of Israel coming back again. The prophet Isaiah sang in the same spirit to the exiles of Babylon as he talked of their God,

'Behold the Lord God will come as a mighty one and his arm shall rule for him. Behold his reward is with him and his recompense before him. He shall lead his flock like a shepherd. he shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom and shall gently lead those which are with young."

And as I read this and then turn to that picture of the Judgment Day in the teachings of Jesus, it would seem as if I had found the kernel or core of both teachings; and at this point I seem to see Judaism and Christianity fusing into one.

Phillips Brooks and the Letter-Writers.

A recent biographer of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks dwells anew upon the remarkable approachability that characterized his relations to the public. Even after to his usual busy life there had been added the duties and cares of the bishopric, he refused to protect himself by established office hours. To friends who protested that the people would overwhelm him he replied: "God save the day when they won't come to me." In his correspondence it was the same; every letter that came to him received his personal attention and an answer. Even the illegibly written were deciphered, though nothing, it is said, tried the good bishop's righteous soul like an illegible letter; and he used to say: "What right has that man to save his time in writing badly and steal mine?"—*The New Voice.*

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The Study Table.

Literary Notes.

"Richard Carvel" is the last hit in popular romance. It has already reached its fiftieth thousand and the publishers, the Macmillan Company, are putting out a hundred thousand copies in paper cover.

Professor N. P. Gilman of Meadville is to resign his position as editor of the "New World" in December, and he is soon after to sail for Europe, where he will spend six months in studying the sociological questions about which it is his business to teach.

Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, are launching an interesting series of "Beacon Biographies," to be sold at seventy-five cents each. Phillips Brooks, Commodore Farragut, Robert E. Lee, James Russell Lowell, John J. Audubon and Edwin Booth are in the list.

Small, Maynard & Company announce the fact that they have absorbed the publications of Copeland & Day, Boston. It is the case of one energetic young publishing house swallowing another that perchance grew weak from too much energy, at least from doing a brave work in introducing the men who stand in the second rank. Some of them will be in the front rank some day.

Funk & Wagnalls of New York are planning a Jewish encyclopedia on a large scale. A meeting of the editors was recently held in New York City, Dr. Funk presiding. The leading Jewish scholars of the country are to be engaged on the staff. It is hoped that the first volume will be ready for the Paris Exposition. The firm hopes to publish a work that will for many years remain as standard in the hands of the student of Jewish history and literature.

Justin McCarthy, after having given us the mountainous work, "A History of Our Own Times," gives us in his old age a two-volume work on the men whom he has known, entitled "Pen Pictures of Famous People." It comes from the Harper press. Among the people presented in this book are Dickens, Thackeray, George Meredith, Lowell, Holmes, Beecher, John Stuart Mills, Sumner, Walt Whitman, Brigham Young, George Eliot, and so on down to Rudyard Kipling—a book of delightful gossip and pungent criticism.

The autumn bulletins of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains some interesting foreshadowings, among which are a volume of Ralph Waldo Emerson's letters, edited by Charles Eliot Norton; two volumes more of John Fiske's historical studies, this time, "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," and another volume of his essays, entitled "A Century of Science and Other Essays;" a new volume by N. P. Gilman, entitled "A Dividend to Labor;" Washington Gladden is to tell us "How Much Is Left of the Old Doctrine;" "Uncle Remus" is coming with a new volume of stories; "Colonel Higginson (we still prefer this title to that of "Doctor," which is his late acquirement) is to have a volume on "Contemporaries," and there is to be a new edition of his old works; Jacob A. Riis is to give us a new book on "Tenement Life in New York;" F. Hopkinson Smith is to give us a new story, entitled "The Other Fellow;" if it will be as good as "Tom Grogan" and "Caleb West" it will be very welcome. And, glorious news! Edmund Clarence Stedman is to have an "American Anthology" that will be a companion volume to the "Victorian Anthology." And

we are to have a volume of prose by Edward R. Sill. Add to all this the fact that Elizabeth Barrett Browning and John Keats are to be given us in the stately one-volume Cambridge edition; that Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell are to be given us in cabinet, one-dollar editions, from new plates, and that Browning is to be annotated in six volumes by George Willis Cooke, and we have reason enough to bless these missionaries of culture. God bless and good speed to the Houghton-Mifflin house.

The "Literary World" speaks of David Starr Jordan's "Imperial Democracy" "as a voice calling man back to the old duties." It says that "the power with which he states the argument for freedom for men in the Philippines is very great." It speaks of this "able and high-minded president of Leland Stanford" as being in "many ways the most formidably equipped of the anti-expansionists." It further says: "The man who has not been swept off his logical balance of mind by the overmuch rated victories of our late war with Spain, needs no argument to convince him of the incompatibility of imperialism—which means essentially force—and democracy, which means essentially freedom."

Professor Halsey of the Lake Forest University, in the "Dial," which may be called the "Literary World" of Chicago, speaking of the same book, says: "One notes with deep satisfaction that throughout these pages one is speaking who has abiding convictions as to the 'Manifest Destiny of the American people,' and is fearless to utter them in the face of one of the fiercest *gehads* that has ever threatened free speech. Not since the times of the assault in the United States Congress on John Quincy Adams and Joshua Giddings, for their grand defense of the assaulted rights of petition, has public opinion in this country been so swayed by ignorance and servile intolerance as during the past six months. * * * Men are already debating the proposition that instructors in our universities are to be required to express no opinion publicly on public policy unless they agree with the powers that be. In the face of such an attempt of terrorism that savors of Russia rather than of America, it is refreshing to read such calm and deliberate discussions of this vexed subject of American policy as Professor Jordan gives us in these imperial studies."

The Gospel of Sin.*

*Dr. Van Dyke announces this volume as "a companion volume to 'The Gospel for An Age of Doubt.'" It has the general characteristics of that volume, the same wealth of literary allusion, the same adumbration of the traditional dogma, the same ingenuity in the manipulation of refractory texts. As one sign of many of the passing of the old theology, the book deserves a cordial welcome. And yet at almost every page we are impressed with the tragical waste of power involved in the endeavor to be at the same time traditional and rational. The break with Calvinism is without equivocation: "In all the New Testament I can find no trace of the idea that Christ did anything, or needed to do anything to make God love the world." "His atonement does not reconcile God to the world. No need of that; God has loved the world forever." But there are many words, and still the meaning is not clear, where Dr. Van Dyke tries to make out that, though Christ did not suffer for men's sins, he nevertheless suffered with them in some mystical fashion. His sinlessness is steadily assumed, though basis for the assumption in the New Testament history there is none. On the contrary, Jesus said, "Why callest thou me good? There is no one good but God." The real atonement is in the recognition of the complete oneness of Jesus with humanity. He helps us most when we recognize that his struggles, failures, victories, were the same as ours. Dr. Van Dyke's Christ is still a being *sui generis*, and, being that, it is impossible for Dr. Van Dyke to make any rational adjustment of him to our human life as such.

There are incidental matters in Dr. Van Dyke's book which are blemishes upon its face. Why will those who know better go on writing of Moses, David, and Peter as if they were the authors severally of Deuteronomy, the Psalms and even "the first epistle of Peter." In the case of the second the absurdity is more gross and palpable. And why should the conqueror from Edom in "Isaiah"—"Who is this that cometh from Edom?"—be used as a symbol of the atoning Christ when every student knows that it is a picture of a barbaric chief or king who has trampled his enemies to death and soaked his garments in their blood? If the higher criticism is good for anything it is good for daily use in one's dealings with the contents of the Bible, and as they are used for text and allusion in the pulpit and elsewhere. J. W. C.

*The Gospel to a World of Sin By Henry Van Dyke, D. D. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1899.

Recent Religious Thought.

The marvelous circulation of "In His Steps" gives interest to anything Mr. Sheldon writes, and yet most that he writes deserves readers for its own sake, for this reason: Mr. Sheldon always writes in the interests of the kingdom of God, as he conceives it, and his conception is one that we must pay more and more attention to.

"The Miracle at Markham"** has nothing remarkable in it in plot or characters, it is perhaps a little thin and cheap in spots as a story, but what the author is driving at is neither thin nor cheap and in his "miracle" he gives in a fresh, bright way some truhts that we sadly need to have emphasized. It is a healthy book for all of us who are in our ecclesiastical clubhouses and calling them churches and for all who thing nothing can be done toward Christian union; in fact, every church member ought to read it.

***I cannot speak too highly of this little book. It ought to be in the hands of every Christian scientist of every sort, of all prayer and faith and physical healers. It is a good book for sick and well people; for those over-credulous and over-skeptical on this subject of spiritual healing. The author, first, is sane; no hobbyist nor extremist; a man of wide experience in his topic; fair, broad, balanced. I have read nothing that impressed me as giving all sides of this perplexing topic a better exposition. What the author claims to be a "truth seeker" is evident on every page. It is impossible to give any outline of his discussion. The book must be read, and it is so compact (in fine contrast to some expounders of this topic) that it can be read by the busiest of people. J. F.

"Does your papa ever lick you?" "I guess not. Every time he threatens to lick me I read him an extract from his great anti-imperialism speech, in which he said: 'These Filipinos are like wayward children, but have we on that account the right to take away their God-given privilege to do as they please? Let us treat them as we would our own wayward children, plead with them, beseech them, but never coerce them with either gun or rod.'" "That's a good deal to remember." "Yes, but he's got so now that he drops the switch as soon as I strike 'These Filipinos.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

**"The Miracle at Markham." How Twelve Churches Became One. By Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps, etc." The Church Press, Chicago. $1.00.

***Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing." By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's, New York and London. $1.00.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It were better for all if heaven were nearer to us by reason of the swift oblivion to which we consigned the wrongs we suffer in this brief burning of the candle of life.

MON.—The art of forgetting is one of the most important and most charming of the arts.

TUES.—The past is a delightful friend if one can live without it, but to one who lives in it there is no greater tyrant.

WED.—That only which illumines, enlarges or cheers ought to be remembered.

THURS.—It is far more important that we should do brave and just deeds than that we should remember that others have done them.

FRI.—The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

SAT.—The power to forget that life has pressed heavily upon us develops sweetness, ripeness and harmonious strength.

—*The Outlook.*

For the Sake of Honor.

John Randall stood for a moment leaning over the pasture bars in the direction of the hills that rose between him and the Delaware. It was in the troublous times of the War of Independence, and John and his mother and sister Betty remained on the little New Jersey farm. The boys and girls who have studied history know that New Jersey was marched across more than any other state. John had seen the fleeing patriots hurrying along the highway more than once, and, too, he had seen the triumphant red coats marching by. It had not been an easy matter to make the family living during this time, and John as the head of the family in his father's absence felt the full responsibility of this. They gave freely from their stores for the patriots and frequently what remained was taken by the red coats without even so much as a "thank you."

John had kept one precious treasure through it all, his horse, Beauty. If ever any horse deserved the name of Beauty it was John's. Her black coat was as carefully cared for as if she had belonged to a king. She loved her master and followed him about as a petted dog would. You may wonder how she escaped being captured by the red coats. Well, there was a little hollow down in the woodland where John concealed her at the first alarm. The soldiers were always in a hurry, and took anything they saw; but so far they had never searched nor asked questions.

"Mother," said John one day, "if the soldiers ever ask if I have a horse it would be all right to say no, would it not? I couldn't let Beauty go. She is used to being petted so, and the soldiers would be cruel to her, I'm afraid."

"My son," said Mrs. Randall, "I know that many good people call it right and lawful to tell a falsehood to those thieving soldiers, but, John your father would scorn to tell a lie to save his life, and I think he would like to know that his son loved truth above all else. However, use your own judgment, my son. It would indeed be a sore trial to lose Beauty, and I pray the good God not to put you to the test."

John thought for a moment and then said, "If they ask me I will tell the truth, because of my father and because it is right. But, nevertheless, I shall hide Beauty so that they shall not find her unless they search long and well."

On this morning, as he stood looking toward the hills, he caught sight of a gleam of red passing through one of the defiles. He ran to the house as fast as he could.

"The red coats, mother!" he shouted. Then he turned to the pasture bars adjoining the yard and called, "Come, Beauty! Come, Beauty!" Beauty came out of a clump of bushes and raced across the pasture. She came up to her master with arched neck and dainty, prancing steps, expecting a frolic, no doubt.

"No time to play to-day, my Beauty," said John, scrambling on her back. "Now away with you to the hollow."

Beauty had never known the touch of a whip, and she scampered away down the lane at John's command.

When the soldiers rode up they went straight to the barn. There were no horses there. They had been taken away long before. One of them came to the door where John was standing.

"Boy, is there a horse any place about?"

John's heart was as heavy as lead at this question. He heard Betty give a sob in the kitchen back of him, for Betty loved Beauty as well as John did.

"Yes, sir," said John, bravely, at last.

"Oh, there is, is there?" said the soldier, surveying him with an incredulous air. "Perhaps you will tell us where it is, or even get it for us."

"No, sir, I will not," said John.

Mrs. Randall held her breath for fear at the boldness of the answer, but the soldier turned away, laughing, as if it were a huge joke.

"Major," he said, turning to the commanding officer, "will you send a couple of men to search the place and bring that mythical horse out to the light of day?"

"Nonsense, lieutenant," came the gruff answer. "We have no time to waste; there are no horses here, for they would not have had time to conceal them since we came in sight."

How John thanked his stars that he had seen that little gleam of red through the defile of the hills!

"As for that boy's story," the commander went on, "nothing would please him better than to have us spend our time on a wild goose chase until the Yankees came up. Do you suppose he would have told us if he really had a horse? Let us ride on."

Then he turned to the soldiers and shouted, "Fall in," and in a few minutes the men were out of sight.

John stood in the doorway dazed with surprise, while Betty danced around him fairly shrieking with joy.

"Oh, they didn't take Beauty! They didn't believe you, John, because you told the truth!"

Betty entreated John to go at once and bring her pet up, but John said no, for more soldiers might be following that first battalion. So Betty put on her bonnet and took a piece of bread and went to visit Beauty in her exile.

More soldiers did follow that day, and after a time the patriots rode by. Then the tumult ceased, and Beauty was brought back to her own pasture and her bed in the barn.

"Are you sorry for telling the truth?" said Mrs. Randall.

"No, indeed, mother," cried John. "I suppose even if Beauty had been taken I would be comforted because I did right. But she wasn't taken, and it seems too good to be true."

It was not very long after that that the horseman rode through, crying, "Cornwallis is taken!" And so the soldiers ceased to march, and Beauty lived in safety and peace to the end of her days.—*Christian Standard.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Rights of Color.—The telegraph announces that the Supreme Court of New York has ruled that negroes may be excluded from the public schools where provision is made for the separate education. We wonder what the United States Supreme Court would have to say? Did the amendment to the constitution of the United States prohibiting forever distinctions on score of color mean nothing?

The President of Yale.—Doctor Hadley, the newly elected president, has declared himself among the anti-expansionists, where Eliot of Harvard, Jordan ot Leland Stanford, and many other college presidents have already placed themselves. President Schurman may find himself lonesome, particularly if, as one is led to infer from remarks already published, he would settle this question on economic and political, rather than on questions of justice and humanity. Dr. Schurman has much to say about China and Chinese trade. The United States might advance its trading interests in China if it ignored still farther the existence of the Golden Rule, but certainly the president of Cornell would not advocate an extension of our trade on these conditions.

Chicago.—The uncertainties left in the editorial mind incident to vacation changes have prevented the announcement of the change of his field of labor on the part of our whilom neighbor, Dr. A. J. Canfield, who has left the St. Paul Universalist Church of Chicago to take up the work with his earlier love, the Church of Our Father at Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Canfield's ministry in Chicago was characterized by the quieting spirit that makes for peace and contentment. He leaves a church of which, we trust, it cannot be said in the future as in the past, "Where there is so much capacity and capital and such great opportunity, its presence ought to be more felt, its word more listened to, and its message more adequately incorporated." It is a high compliment to Dr. Canfield that the church he organized in Brooklyn cried for him so long and so loud that he finally was compelled to go to his own.

——— We regret to announce also the resignation of Rev. M. P. Jacobsen, rabbi of the K. A. M. Jewish Congregation in this city. Mr. Jacobsen is a young man who has labored hard with apparently a congregation of progressive Jews. Perhaps the mother has given too much of her strength to her hopeful children, the Sinai Congregation and Isaiah Temple, that flourish beside her.

Los Angeles.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, recent pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, is to begin his work with the newly organized society known as the Independent Church of Christ, in Simpson Tabernacle in this city, the first Sunday in October.

Unitarian.—T. Van Ness is in Russia and Hungary, C. W. Wendte is visiting in Germany and Skandinavia, and Mr. Horton in England, all of them incidentally doing what they can to induce visitors from these foreign countries to attend the International Unitarian Congress, to be held in Boston next year. * * * The Welsh Unitarians in London are working hard to establish a church whose services will be in the vernacular.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—It is now nearly a year since Rev. J. H. Crooker—who for ten years occupied the college-town pulpit of Madison, Wis.—was recalled by the American Unitarian Association from general pastoral work and placed over one of the most important charges in the gift of the denomination. The season lately closed in Ann Arbor has fully demonstrated the wisdom of this choice. By his strong and kindly personality and his most acceptable pulpit utterances Mr. Crooker has attached to his congregation the largest number of students that assemble in any of the university churches. The society has testified to its satisfaction with the work that has been done, by responding generously and freely to the call for funds to be used for purposes of church improvement. By this means the entire property has been put into the best of repair, and various alterations and additions will contribute materially to the beauty and comfort of the church interior. Services will be renewed in September under circumstances that promise most favorably for a year of great usefulness and prosperity. * *

Laboratory Work.—The University of Michigan has decided to give grade-credit to their students for work done in the way of original investigation of social conditions in connection with the Chicago Commons. If things keep on in this way students after awhile will find the study of man as interesting as the study of bees or of worms. Why should not anthropology be as interesting as entomology?

The Jewish Chautauqua held its assembly at Atlantic City this year. Rabbi Gries of Cleveland, Ohio, closed the session with an address on "The Problem of Our Religious Schools in Cities."

If the Lord Should Come.

If the Lord should come in the morning
As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they are always done in the light of the sun,
Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white, and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet his look to meet?
Would it take me by surprise?

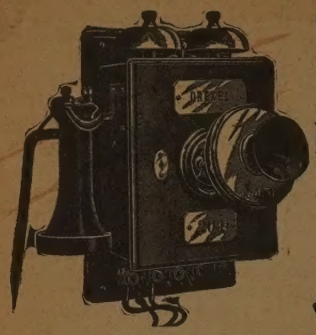
If my Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers in wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest,
Would his touch of my hand, his low command,
Bring me unhoped-for zest?

Why do I ask the question?
He is ever coming to me,
Morning and noon and evening,
If I have but eyes to see.
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here,
I have only to sit at his feet.

—*Margaret E. Sangster in Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Franklin's Generosity.

When Benjamin Franklin, at the age of 17, a runaway apprentice, landed in Philadelphia, he had one dollar and one shilling. When he asked the boatman upon whose boat he had come down the Delaware what was the fare, he answered "Nothing," because he had helped him row. Franklin, however, insisted upon his taking the shilling. An hour afterward he bought three rolls for his breakfast, ate one, and gave the other two to a poor woman who said she was hungry. Before the day was out he had given away more than half of his remaining little stock of money. This was worthy of note in a poor, ragged, dirty runaway in a strange town.



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